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For The Child's Paper.

Jesus knew when he was going to die, and he wanted to eat his last supper with his disciples alone. But Jesus had no home, and his disciples were poor. They asked him where they should go. He told Peter and John to go to Jerusalem, and when they met a man with a pitcher of water in his hand, to follow the man home, and ask him for a room in his house. The man knew who it was for, and showed them a large upper room furnished, and there they made ready.

Oh, it was a sad supper. Jesus' heart was full of sorrow and love. He knew it was the last time, and he told them some of the cruel things he was about to suffer as the Son of God, in dying for the sins of men. While they were together in this feast of love, Jesus rose up, laid aside his mantle or outer garment, and took a towel and poured water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet and wipe them with the towel.

In those countries where the disciples lived, people, you know, do not wear shoes and stockings as we do. They wear sandals. Sandals are only soles strapped on the bottom of the feet. The

rest of the foot is bare, and so the feet get dusty in walking, and need to be often washed. This is servants' work. Servants wash the feet of their masters and of the people who come to visit them. Why did Jesus wash his disciples' feet? He was their Master; it was not his place. But he tells us why. "If I, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, you ought also to wash one another's feet."

The Lord Jesus knows how much selfishness there is in our hearts, and how loath we are to do troublesome and disagreeable things for others. He knows too how much foolish pride we have, and how we think it is stooping to do many things for those whom we consider beneath us. He wanted to correct this, especially among those who love him. If we love him, he wishes us to love one another as he has loved us.

The Lord Jesus came to show us the spirit of heaven. There is no selfishness or pride there. The spirit is "ministering." Do you know what that is? It loves to minister, that is, relieve the sufferings and wants of others, and try to bring people to be holy and happy. That is the spirit of heaven. Angels who came to this wicked world

on errands of love are called "ministering spirits." They don't think it is troublesome or beneath them to come and do for us, though they live in the beautiful world on high.

The last words of a dear friend are very precious words. We know they are spoken when their hearts are full and they feel most for our good. Remember then, my dear child, and may we all keep it in mind, that one of the last acts of our divine Redeemer on earth was an act of lowly service for his poor brethren.

For The Child's Paper

A CHRISTIAN CHILD'S USE OF MONEY.

There is a little boy who has one pocket-book which he calls his charity pocket-book, into which went in the course of last year three dollars and nineteen cents, all his own earnings, for he has no rich father or indulgent mother to give him money. Not one cent of this went for oranges or candy; not one cent for treats or bets; he spent not one cent on himself. How did it go?

He bought four Testaments for the soldiers. He always goes to the monthly concert for Foreign Missions, and always puts into the contribution-box which is passed round. Edward feels very much for the poor heathen, and reads all he can about the missionaries who go to tell them of the Redeemer's love. When he subscribed for his Child's Paper, he subscribed for two, one for a child who could not afford to take it. Ten cents he gave towards buying a headstone for a dear little Sabbath scholar who died. He gives something every year to a Sabbath-school missionary. And when the ladies made up a box to send "out West," he sent out a "Christian Almanac" and a pound of rice. So much for his charities—and more too.

Do you see what long arms of influence a little child stretches out over the land, yes, and the world? Perhaps one of those Testaments falls into the hands of a sick soldier. "Oh," he says to his kind nurse, taking his Testament from under his pillow, "do read to me about the Lord who died for me. He was my mother's Saviour, and I want him to be my Saviour. I want to hear what he says to poor sinners like me." And his nurse snatches a few moments to read to him; and perhaps some Christian gentleman visiting the hospital puts in a word, and the sick soldier finds blessed food for his soul.

Another of the Testaments falls into the knapsack of a picket, and in his lonely beat, as he thinks of the old folks at home, all the good words of love and prayer, which he did not think much of at the time, start up in his mind. "Oh," he says with a blur in his eye, "Oh, them's good words." He instantly thinks of his Testament, pulls it out, and tries to read by the fading light those blessed pages, which bring home nearer to him and make him a better man.

We cannot trace out all the little rills of good trickling along near and far off, which had their rise in this one little boy, but God can. Yet, as we try to picture it, how beautiful and how blessed the picture is. There are many children who do likewise, we cannot doubt.

For The Child's Paper.

THE Tennys were hard-working, industrious people, who seldom, if ever, attended church. Mr. Tenny said he wanted one day to himself; and he took the Sabbath to do small jobs about his house and garden. His wife cleaned up sooner that day, and had more time for rest. They used to attend church in the town where they once lived, but were now quite out of the habit.

Marian, their oldest child, was asked by one of her playmates to go to Sabbath-school, and she went. It pleased her very much. She had a kind and faithful teacher, and she treasured up every thing she learned. The singing of the Sabbath-school especially delighted Marian, and she often sang at home the songs sung there. One of them was,

"This is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround his throne."

Every Sabbath morning Marian used to sing it in her room while she was dressing. Her father liked to hear her; indeed, he was proud of his little daughter's voice; and as he listened from time to time, he began to repeat to himself,

"This is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own."

"Why," he said, "God calls the hours his, and I take them for mine. Isn't that robbing God?" and the thought frightened him, for he prided himself upon being an honest man. It made him uneasy, and he left off working in the garden. But that did not satisfy him; it only brought to mind the catechism he used to learn when he was a boy: "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy."



"Well," he said, "I'll go to meeting and see how these things are."

So one morning he dressed himself in his best clothes, and when Marian was ready to go to Sabbath-school, he said he would go with her and see what her meeting was. Oh how happy Marian was to take hold of her father's hand and walk to church, as she saw other little girls do.

If little Sabbath scholars will only carry home what they learn, how much good may they do; but some, I am afraid, spill it all by the way.

For The Child's Paper.

THE NEW LESSON.

God sometimes sends his Holy Spirit, and brings a great number into his kingdom all at once, little children as well as grown up people. There are those who say children cannot understand about their Redeemer. They forget how often children are weighed down by a sorrowful sense of wrong-

doing, and how their kind Redeemer, who knows this, says, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." He sees how their little hearts often yearn for just such a Friend as himself, one who can wash their sins away and put sweet comfort into their bosoms. Mother cannot do this, father cannot do this. The Lord Jesus can; and he who hears the young ravens when they cry, will surely hear the cry of the children for forgiveness and love.

The Holy Spirit came down, not long ago, among the people of a village, and especially in a school of boys. One day the master found a little boy was feeling very sorry for his sins. He could not study; he took no delight in his books; and seeing him quite unfit for work, the master called him and told him he might go home and tell Jesus how he felt. And he sent another boy with him, who, having sought and found Jesus the day before, perhaps could help him.

On their way they passed an empty house, and they said, "Let us go in here and pray." The two school-boys went in, and they kneeled down and prayed. The little boy would not arise from his knees, but he kept praying with all his might, "Jesus, take away my sins; Jesus, take away my sins." After a while a new feeling came over him; the weight of sin was gone, and joy filled his bosom. "I must go and tell the master," he said to the other boy. Back they both went to the school-room, and in he came with a beaming face. Going up to the master, he said, "Oh, sir, I am so happy. I love the Lord Jesus in my heart." The other scholars heard him, and while they talked together, one boy and then another silently slipped out of the room. The master turning to look out of the window, saw the boys in the play-ground, ranged round the wall, on their knees in prayer.

What a new exercise was this. The scene quite overcame the good master. Turning to the scholar who had gone into the empty house with the little boy, he said, "Can you not go out and pray with those lads?" The scholar went. He had learned the beautiful lesson of divine grace, and Oh, it was so sweet to repeat it to the rest. He went out into the yard, and kneeling down among them, he prayed the Lord to forgive their sins for His sake who bore them on the cross. The boys were soon weeping. It was a wonderful scene, so many calling for Jesus, so many pressing towards him, so many striving to enter in at the strait gate. Some of God's people came in, and most of the day was spent in bringing their dear children to their kind Redeemer. As one after another found him, a heavenly sweetness filled their bosoms, and they felt indeed like "new creatures," as the Bible says those who believe in him are. "Old things had passed away, and all things become new." They were very happy with a new-found happiness.

For The Child's Paper.

WILLIE'S STAND.

There was a boy working in a factory in England by the name of Willie. He got five shillings a week, and this was the main stay of his poor mother. He was a good boy, and always went to church with his mother on Sunday. His employer was not a Christian man. He had "a short memory;" he forgot God. On one occasion he was in a hurry to get some work done, and he gave notice to his hands on Saturday that he wanted them to work all the next day. Willie was very much tried to know what to do. He could not bear to think of breaking the Sabbath; yet if he did not, he was afraid he should lose his place, and then what would his poor mother do? At last he resolved to do right, and leave the rest to God. So he went to church, and kept the Sabbath as God commanded. The next morning, as he was going into the factory to begin work, his master met him.

"Where were you yesterday, sir?"

"I went to church, sir," said Willie.

"Then you may go to church again to-day, for I don't want you here," said the man.

Poor Willie felt very bad. When he thought of his mother he could not help crying; but he

knew that would do no good, so he wiped away his tears and went out to find another situation. He called at several places, but the only answer he received was, "We don't want any boys." At last he called on a gentleman, who asked him why he left his last place.

"Because I would not work on Sunday, sir," answered Willie.

The gentleman was pleased with this, and engaged him to work, and gave him ten shillings a week, as much again as he had before.

So Willie found that God blessed him in keeping the Sabbath.

For The Child's Paper.

HOW JESUS COMES.

In a German charity-school which provided a Christian home for poor children, grace was always said at table by one of the boys, and the words were, "Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest, and bless the food thou hast provided." A little fellow looked up and asked one day, "Please tell me why the Lord Jesus never comes."

"Dear child," said the teacher, "only believe, and you may be sure he will come, for he always hears our invitations."

"I shall set a chair for him then," said the little boy; and he did so. Presently there was a knock at the door, and a poor frozen, half-starved man entered to beg a night's lodging. He was soon made welcome to the empty seat which the little boy had set at the table. As he looked at the poor beggar, "Ah," he said, "Jesus could not come to night, so he sent this poor man. Is that it?"

"Yes, child, that is just it. Every cup of water or piece of bread that we give to the poor or hungry for Jesus' sake, we give to him; for Christ himself says, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

For The Child's Paper.

THE BROKEN TEACUP.

Amy was a little girl who lived out. Her mother was dead, and her father was poor, and put her to live in a pious family, where she had a good home. She learned to knit; she scoured the knives, and went errands. Amy tried to be faithful, because she knew Jesus saw her. The lady she lived with could not always see her; but God did. She knew her mother had gone to live with Jesus, and she thought if she tried to be a good little girl, maybe Jesus would tell her mother, and that would please her.

One day Amy let a cup fall, and broke it. It was one of the best cups. She felt very sorry, and was frightened. Amy was not a careless child. She tried to be careful; but accidents will sometimes happen. Amy picked up the pieces and ran out of doors with them, when she began to cry, "Oh dear, dear, what shall I do?" There was but one right thing to do—go and tell the lady. But she was afraid of being scolded or punished. We should be afraid of displeasing our friends, but a great deal more afraid of doing wrong and displeasing God.

Amy hid the broken pieces. She dug a hole and buried them. Who told her to do that? Satan. Satan always tries to make people deceive. Therefore never deceive or lie, because that shows you follow Satan. Did that make Amy feel better? No, no. She cried after she went to bed. She put her head under the sheet, and cried herself to sleep.

She waked early the next morning, and the first thing she thought of was the broken cup and the pieces hid in a hole. Amy too thought of God, and it seemed to her as if his sorry eye was looking right at her. It grieves him to have the dear children which he has made try to deceive. This made poor Amy sorry, and she said to herself, "I will go and tell my mistress this minute. I had rather be punished than deceive her. I had rather be punished than do wrong and make God sorry."

So she slipped on her dress; but she did not stop to put her shoes and stockings on, because, I suppose, she was afraid Satan might come and want her to wait. She ran down stairs into the

backyard and dug up the pieces, which she took to the lady's chamber, and told her all. "I had a great deal rather tell you all and be punished," said the little girl with her little bare feet, "than keep hiding the pieces and not tell."

"I am sorry the cup is broken," said the kind lady, "but very, very thankful you came and told me. You must fear God above everybody, Amy, and fear him *every moment*, so that Satan shall not get the upper hand at all;" and the good lady gave Amy four verses to learn, which I advise every child who reads them to learn also.

"Be thou in the fear of the Lord *all the day long*." Prov. 23:17.

"The fear of the Lord is to *hate evil*." Prov. 8:13.

"The fear of the Lord is the *beginning of wisdom*." Prov. 9:10.

"The fear of the Lord is strong confidence; and his children shall have a place of refuge." Prov. 14:26.

When she learned them her mistress patted her on the head, and Amy was happy.

For The Child's Paper.

ELLEN IN THE BARN.

Ellen was the youngest of several children. She was a timid child, and her mother took care that she should be kept from whatever might startle or frighten her. There was one thing, however, which her parents could not do for their little girl, and that was to cure her of the terror which she had of the dentist who came to examine the teeth of the children. He was to her the object of the greatest dread, and in order to be exempted from sitting even for a few minutes in the big arm-chair, with the doctor's face close to hers, and his pointed and cold tools in her teeth, she would cheerfully have given away any one of her little treasures.

On a beautiful morning in summer, during a holiday week, Ellen's mother said at breakfast that at eleven o'clock that day she expected the dentist; and though she did not add that the children must be ready for him, they knew she meant them to be. At once Ellen thought of taking herself away somewhere before that fatal hour, and as soon as the meal was over she quietly left the house. In order to escape a search, she had selected the barn as her retreat.

The way to the hayloft was a narrow stair from the stable just behind one of the horses' stalls; and though at any other time she would not have dared to approach alone and unprotected the peaceful animals, that morning she braved this danger, and soon found herself in the vast barn, in one corner of which had been laid some fagots. Behind these she crouched as quietly as she could, making herself as small as possible.

She was so well hidden, and kept so still, that, though during the day the man who had charge of the horses came up several times, looking all around as if in search of something, he did not see her. And so the hours passed—long and slow hours for the child, to whom it seemed as if she were there for ever. She felt very lonely, and began to be afraid at what she had done. She wanted to pray, but she thought God would not listen to a little girl who had acted so wickedly towards him and her dear parents. After a long while she fell asleep; but when she awoke she was both so stiff and so hungry, that she burst into tears.

The night was falling, and weary with crying the poor child was again going to sleep for the night, when she heard her own dear mother's voice say in an agony of distress, "Are you sure, John, that you searched the barn? Have you looked on the hay? Oh my darling, my darling, how shall we pass the night without having found her!" It was too much for Ellen. Full of repentance at her wicked conduct, full of longing for her dear, loving mamma, she at last moved from her hiding-place, and coming to the top of the stairs, told her mother she was there.

There was grateful joy in the family, for they had passed a sad day indeed. Her kind parents

well knowing that she had suffered enough already for what she had done, forgave their poor little girl; and could you have heard how, all in tears, she begged her father and mother's pardon, and how earnestly that night she prayed that "her heavenly Father would blot out the sins of that day, for Jesus' sake," you would have seen how truly penitent she was.

ALPA.



For The Child's Paper.

"Boy overboard! boy overboard!" was the startling cry on board the *Orient*, calling the attention of all hands to the larboard side of the ship. "There he goes! there he is!" they cried as they spied the little fellow buffeting the waves. "Who is it?" "Bill, little Bill." At this an old tar off with his pea-jacket, jumped into the water, and with bold and vigorous strokes made for the poor boy. A hencoop was then thrown out for them to cling to. Meanwhile a boat was manned. But all this took time, when a minute seemed an hour.

Little Bill had gone up to help reef a sail, when he missed a step and fell. If the fall stunned him, the ducking brought him to his senses, and he found his mouth full of salt water, almost choking him to death. Bill found out too where he was—not in the mill-pond where he learned to swim, but in the broad ocean. Oh how thankful he was he had learned to swim. He swam bravely, the little fellow. But his clothes were beginning to feel heavy and drag him down, and his strength was fast spending, when Jack Gaines, the generous old sailor, came to his rescue.

"Cheer up, hearty," he shouted; and grabbing fast hold of him, they made for the hencoop, which kept them afloat. Little Bill was too wet and cold and frightened to say much; but he could hold on with a desperate clutch, and he thought of his mother.

The boat overtook them as they were drifting away, and the sailor handed little Bill in, dripping with salt water. They rowed back to the ship, where everybody was as thankful as could be for the safe return of the sailor-boy and his generous friend.

"I am glad I was not lost at sea," cried Bill as soon as he could speak; "the news would have killed my poor mother." Nor did he forget it was God who preserved his life in the deep sea. When he went to change his clothes, and before he put a dry suit on, he fell down on his knees and thanked God for his goodness and care; he prayed too for the forgiveness of his sins, and begged that he might be a better boy than he had ever been before.

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."

For The Child's Paper.

MARKS OF A BAD SABBATH-SCHOOL SCHOLAR.

"A bad scholar in a Sabbath-school class can destroy all the good a teacher can do," said a man who had long been in the Sunday-school service. *Is that so?* Let us see. What is a bad scholar? One who loses or forgets his book, and comes to his class with no lesson. Of course he feels no interest in the lesson. While others in the class recite theirs, he is idle. And the worst of it is, "Satan finds some *mischief* still for idle hands to do."

Instead of keeping still and listening, he thrashes about, kicking another boy's shifts, picking his cap, knocking his elbows, staring about like an owl, giggling, smirking, talking, and making himself disagreeable generally. If he would keep himself to himself, it would not be so bad; but such a scholar never does. Almost every thing in a class depends upon the *attention* which the scholars give their teacher. But a bad scholar, inattentive himself, is never satisfied until he makes others so; and so his chief aim is to draw off the class from the good words which a faithful teacher is trying to imprint on the hearts and consciences of his children. A bad scholar is often tardy, breaking the stillness of prayer with his heavy tread or creaking boots, or interrupting the singing or reading by crowding into his class in a "don't care," careless way.

Another mark of a bad scholar is making a difficulty about the library books. He turns over the book his teacher hands him, and declares "he has read that," or "it don't look interesting," or he "wants a bigger book." *Making objections* is his delight; yet it turns out he knows nothing at all about the book, and talks so because he does not know what he wants, except to trouble his teacher. If he takes a book, he is quite likely to mislay, or forget, or lose it altogether.

Another mark, I was going to say, is, that he quickly forgets all he has learned; but the fact is, he has nothing to forget, for he has nothing learned. Teaching him is like pouring water through a sieve. What is to be done with such a scholar? Suppose a card should be fastened on his back with these words, "neglecting his privileges," written on it. "Neglecting his privileges!" Would not everybody keep clear of the company of a boy who did that?

Two boys were once playing under a tree, when a nut fell from it on the grass. One of them picked it up. The other boy said, "It is my nut, for I saw it fall." "No, it is mine," said the other, "for I picked it up." Just then a large boy came along, and he said, "What are you disputing about?" The little boys told him. "Give it to me," said he; "I will decide your quarrel for you." They gave it to him. So he cracked the nut, and gave one half the shell to one boy, saying, "This is for you, because you saw the nut fall." He then gave the other half shell to the second boy, saying, "This is yours, because you picked up the nut." Then putting the kernel into his own mouth, he said, "And this is for my trouble in cracking it." What do you think of the third boy?

THERE WAS once a gentleman who was very particular about the company his children kept. One day he had forbidden his daughter Susan with her brother going somewhere with a certain company which they wanted to join. "Dear father," said Susan, "you must think us very childish to suppose we shall be harmed by them."

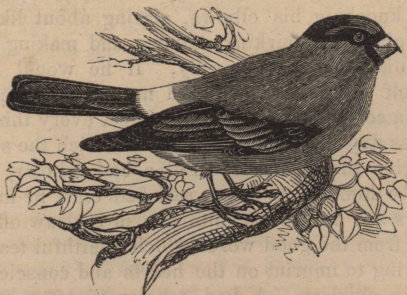
The father took up a dead coal from the grate and handed it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child," he said; "take it." She took it, but her clean hand was soiled and her beautiful white dress blacked. "We cannot be too careful about handling coals," said Susan, a little provoked. "That is true," said her father, "for you see, my child, that coals, even when they do not burn, will surely blacken. And it is just so with improper company."

A BIRTHDAY HYMN.

Another birthday, Lord, I see;
How very thankful I should be.
I thank thee for each mercy shown
Throughout the year that now has flown.

A birthday gift I humbly claim;
I ask it in the Saviour's name.
Thy *Holy Spirit* let it be,
Oh may it now descend on me.

Fill my young heart with light and love,
Fixing my hopes on things above;
And on this birthday visit me,
That I may give myself to thee.



For The Child's Paper.

THE BULLFINCH FINDING A THIEF.

A poor musician had an ebony flute with silver keys. The flute however, like many other things, had more beauty than use to boast of; for there being a defect in one of the upper keys, that note always had to be skipped.

The musician had for a friend a tailor, who having some taste for music, often came to the musician's room to sing; and when he came, he liked to try his skill on the flute with silver keys. One night when the musician was out, the flute was stolen. The tailor seemed very sorry indeed for his friend's loss, and tried to help him ferret out the thief. They suspected an old woman that was round the house; but there being no actual proof against her, she was let off, and the real thief, whoever he or she was, escaped detection.

In a few months the tailor went to live in another town. After a year or so the musician paid him a visit, and he found his friend had for company a beautiful bird, a bullfinch, who could whistle several tunes very correctly. This of course delighted the musician, and he liked to hear it; but what was very curious, he soon found that the bullfinch, whenever it came to a certain high note, always skipped it, and went on to the next. How did that happen? It at last struck him that the very note which the bird skipped was the very note which his flute skipped, and he came to the conclusion in his own mind that the bullfinch must have been taught in some way from his stolen flute.

He put it to the tailor, when the tailor, pale and trembling, confessed the theft. Ah, how was his pleasure suddenly turned into shame. Little did he dream that the bird which he had spent hours and hours in teaching could be a witness against him. Indeed it was the very perfectness with which the little creature learned its lesson that brought to light its master's guilt.

If we break God's laws, the most innocent things will testify against us. It is not necessary to *hunt up* witnesses; they come of themselves, often when we least expect it; making good, in one way or another, that warning of the Bible, "Be sure your sin will find you out."

For The Child's Paper.

THE BOYS AND THE BIRDSNEST.

Two little birds built their nest on the branch of a tree that stretched over the fence into the road; and mother-bird laid four speckled eggs, which she kept warm under her breast. She would not leave them at all, even to go away and get supper. So her kind little husband brought her worms in his bill, and she ate them. It was a very pleasant bough they lived on. The sun peeped through the leaves, and shone on the little nest as early as it shone anywhere. But long before that, the little birds waked up and sang their morning praises to God.

THE HEAVEN ABOVE.

Words and Music by Rev. A. A. GRALEY.

1. There's a bright un-fad-ing crown In the heaven a - - bove, Spark-ling like the
2. There's a robe of right-eous-ness In the heaven a - - bove, Worn by all the

dews of morn In the heaven a - - bove; Thou-sands of chil-dren there
heirs of grace In the heaven a - - bove; Hap-py and un-de-filed

That crown of glo-ry wear, Now safe from sin and care In the heaven a - - bove.
Ma - - ny a ransomed child Shines like the star-light mild In the heaven a - - bove.

3. There's a tuneful harp of gold
In the heaven above:
"Every hand a harp shall hold
In the heaven above;
Thousands of children sing
Praise to their Saviour King;
Loud sweep the tuneful string,
In the heaven above.

4. Would you strike that golden wire
In the heaven above?
Wear that crown and that attire,
In the heaven above?
Come then, to Jesus come,
Come in your youthful bloom,
Come while there yet is room
In the heaven above.

One day two little boys spied this nest on the tree. What did they do? They could not climb the tree, so they picked up a pocketful of stones and threw at the nest. They went away, and came back again with another pocketful, and tried and tried to hit the nest. How frightened the poor little birds must have been. But I do not think they hit the nest. A lady came along, and she asked the little boys what they were doing. They did not say. They hung down their heads, quite ashamed of their business, and I am very glad they were.

"How should you like to have God rain down great stones on your pleasant home to destroy it and kill you?" asked the lady.

They looked up, and one said, "I should not like it at all;" the other said, "I'd run."

"The golden rule, which the Lord Jesus gave us," said the lady, "is to do as we would be done by. You would not like to have your house destroyed, and the children killed with great stones; why then stone these poor harmless birds, and break up their happy home? What sort of business is that for two little Christian boys to be engaged in?"

The little boys felt mean, I know, for they turned and ran away as fast as their legs could carry them.

For The Child's Paper.

A boy-soldier in one of the Illinois regiments, in writing to his sister recently, said, "I cannot get up a club for The Child's Paper here; but I am determined to have it, any way; so I enclose a dollar, which I wish you to send on, and order the paper sent to me."

A few weeks later he wrote, "My Child's Papers came last mail, and I tell you they were warmly greeted. The boys were all glad to see them. I sent them to the hospital, where they, with the other religious paper I get, are read until they are entirely worn out."

This shows how much religious papers are prized in the army. Cannot other boy-soldiers and men-soldiers do as this boy has done to supply themselves with good reading, and thus help forward a good work? Cannot some of them get up clubs in their companies or regiments, and thus keep the stream of good influences constantly running? In this way much may be done for the

cause of Christ; eternity alone will reveal how much.

M. E. H.

DEAR children, like young Timothy, may you be
Bible readers and Bible heeders.

First knowing God's will, then doing it.

CHEAP POSTAGE ON THIS PAPER.

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